STAR WARS
REBELLION

"SANCTUARY: STRINGENDO"

by

Michael Kirkbride & Kurt Kuhlmann

©2000
All Rights Reserved

STAR WARS: REBELLION

"Sanctuary: Stringendo"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE – ON DRAENELL'S POINT

a yellow-blue planet in the Bissillirus system.

EXT. DRAENELL'S POINT MED LAB – NIGHT

Six ISB Agents, in black vacsuits and armed with blaster rifles, are taking advantage of the darkness, stalking around outside the dome-shaped med lab. They are within the perimeter fence, in a plasticrete speeder lot. Bodies of med lab scientists litter the ground around them. The ISB Agents slowly move in. The med lab's entry blast doors are crushed inwards, along with a section of the surrounding wall, exposing a large opening into the compound.

ISB AGENT ONE motions toward ISB AGENTS FOUR and FIVE to move around to the back of the med lab.

ISB AGENT TWO lobs a FLASH BOMB into the ruined opening. Seconds later, the Flash Bomb EXPLODES WITH A DULL THUMP and the inside of the med lab is filled with a BRIGHT, UNBEARABLE LIGHT.

ISB Agents One and Two take cover behind a SoroSuub XP38A Speeder.

ISB AGENT THREE moves in a crouching position into the med lab.

INT. MED LAB - NIGHT

ISB Agent Three enters the darkness of the wrecked med lab. It is filled with glass and debris. Sprawled on an overturned metal desk is Endigo, a cyborg mercenary, a blaster scorch SMOKING from his chest armor. Endigo is missing an arm at the shoulder, a servo-juncture WHIRRING. ISB Agent Three lowers his blaster rifle at him.

A lightsaber IGNITES, illuminating the med lab. Chori Bre rushes out from a darkened corner, holding Endigo's saber arm high above her head. She SLICES the ISB Agent's blaster rifle in half with a VORPING SOUND. Then she swings the arm sideways, CUTTING the Agent across his midsection. The ISB Agent SCREAMS and staggers back outside.

Bre drops Endigo's arm and lugs a Merrsonn PLX2 Portable Missile Launcher out of the wreckage. She aims out into the landspeeder lot and fires.

EXT. DRAENELL'S POINT MED LAB – NIGHT

ISB Agents One and Two watch two missiles streak out of the Draenell's Point med lab towards the XP38A. They try to dive, but are too late. The SoroSuub Speeder EXPLODES, rocking the other landspeeders around it. A moment later, the bodies of the two ISB Agents THUD to the plasticrete, black vacsuits BURNING.

INT. MED LAB – NIGHT

Bre lowers the PLX2 Missile Launcher from the opening of the med lab. The FIRE outside reflects off her goggles.

A blaster bolt EXPLODES near her head. She falls across Endigo. She hears the CRUNCHING BOOTS of ISB Agents Four and Five as they move around in the darkness at the rear of the med lab. She reaches over towards Endigo's arm, the lightsaber still LIT and SIZZLING.

CLICK. ISB Agent Six appears in the opening of the med lab, leveling his blaster rifle at Bre.

He is blasted by someone unseen and flies OUT OF VIEW. More blasts are HEARD from the rear of the med lab.
Bre is crying, covering Endigo with her body, shaking with each BLAST. Two bodies CRASH to the floor in the back of the Med Lab. WE HEAR STRANGE VOICES come from OFF-SCREEN.

BORNECK GUERILLA ONE
(O.S.)
Slechka den. Du?

BORNECK GUERILLA TWO
(O.S.)
Den.

BAHK-LUN-SOOL appears in the opening of the Med Lab, a yellow-skinned, humanoid alien. He is a Borneck Guerilla, outfitted in mismatched military gear, wearing an armored vest. He looks down at Bre and motions with his blaster.

BAHK-LUN-SOOL
Du den jegga?
(beat)
Du sprak Vellita?

Bre COUGHS and shakes her head.

BAHK-LUN-SOOL (CONT'D)
Sprak Basic?

Bre nods.

BAHK-LUN-SOOL
Get up, then. More are coming. My name is Bahk-lun-Sool.

Bre rises, switches off Endigo's lightsaber arm, and reattaches it to him with a LOUD CLAMPING SOUND. She looks up to the Borneck and points to her friend.

BRE
He comes, too.

The Borneck nods and motions to his unseen comrades.

BAHK-LUN-SOOL
Sefra upi! Qualm jegga humans.
(to Bre)

He comes, too.

INT. URILLIAN MOONBASE – SYSTEMS ANALYSIS ROOM

Darth Vader stands before multiple monitors along the walls of a System Analysis Room, though he is concentrating only on one. There, the Emperor’s Proconsul, Ghent Viraxo, FLICKERS IN AND OUT.

VADER
My apologies for the interference, Proconsul. We are jamming transmissions from the planet below us, Draenell's Point. Evidently, the Borneck Resistance League has not heeded the example the Empire made at Chule. They helped Endigo escape us again, and he may have retrieved data that could provide an antidote to *Ty-Ruben*.

VIRAXO
Both problems can be easily fixed by the same means, I should think.

VADER
Of course. The Imperial Blockade at Chule was not as impenetrable as we had hoped. A personnel transport must have escaped.

VIRAXO
Yes. And it must have found its way to Draenell's Point.

VADER
It shall be done.

VIRAXO
Just make sure Endigo cannot contact the Alliance in the meantime. Jam the whole system. If it became known that an antidote was available, the other Bissillirus worlds might very well resume their uprising. And Senator Antilles?

VADER
Perhaps his ship will make an unauthorized landing on Draenell's Point. Unfortunate, but even Senators must respect an Imperial Quarantine.

VIRAXO
An elegant solution. The Emperor will be pleased by the symmetry.

Viraxo vanishes from the monitor. Vader touches another button on the monitor wall, speaking into a comlink.

VADER
Moff Par Lankin, remove your men from Draenell's Point. The Imperial Starfleet should be arriving here shortly.

MOFF PAR LANKIN (V.O.)
But why, Lord Vader?

VADER
There has been another outbreak.

MOFF PAR LANKIN (V.O.)
I have received no re--

Vader cuts the comlink off.

EXT. URILLIAN MOONBASE – SPACEPORT

An armored gravsled slides quietly along a repulsor field into the Moonbase Spaceport, making for a Consulate Ship. Bail Antilles, TK-299, and the Senator's bodyguards debark the armored gravsled, along with Moff Par Lankin, several Imperial Stormtroopers and vacsuited ISB Agents. All except the stormtroopers and the ISB Agents are wearing Low-Atmosphere Breathing Masks.

The Senator's PILOT emerges from the loading ramp of the Consulate Ship, in similar breathing apparatus, and salutes Antilles. The Senator begins to ascend the loading ramp.

PILOT
(garbled)
Senator, I’m glad to see you alive.

MOFF PAR LANKIN
(garbled)
Antilles, wait. I truly am sorry--

The Senator boards, ignoring the Moff. The Moff exits.

EXT. SPACE – ABOVE DRAENELL'S POINT - ON CONSULATE SHIP

as it leaves the Unillian moon above the planet of Draenell's Point.

INT. CONSULATE SHIP – MAIN HOLD

Senator Antilles' protocol droid, TK-299, is plugged into the main computer. Senator Antilles enters.

SENATOR ANTILLES
Can we send a clear transmission yet?

The droid cocks it head as if listening to something.

SENATOR ANTILLES (CONT'D)
Tee-Kay? What does the main computer say? Are we out of their jamming range?

The droid steps back from the main computer. He seems horrified.

TK-299
I have found an anomaly in--
(registering more data)
We are in trouble, Senator.

EXT. SPACE – ABOVE DRAENELL'S POINT - ON CONSULATE SHIP

as it drifts along the Bissillirus system.

Suddenly, the center of the Consulate Ship EXPLODES.

The fore and aft sections BREAK APART SLOWLY, away from the FLAMING WRECKAGE, each half falling towards the planet below, Draenell's Point.

EXT. DRAENELL'S POINT – CANYON FLOOR - NIGHT

A large Modified Mekuun Hoverscout is speeding along a canyon floor. Imperial insignias have been sandblasted off and replaced by the hastily stenciled emblem of the Borneck Resistance League.

INT. MODIFIED MEKUUN HOVERSCOUT – PASSENGER HOLD

Bre, Bahk-lun-Sool, and other Borneck Guerillas are seated on one side of the passenger hold of the Mekuun Hoverscout. On the other side, laid out unconscious across several seats and strapped in, is Shen Endigo.

BRE
We're going where?

BAHK-LUN-SOOL
Humans call it 'Wullerton.' It is a city. We will have to sneak in. Your Empire is there.

BRE
Maybe you could let us off somewhere else, then.

BAHK-LUN-SOOL
Do not lose sleep.

BRE
What?

BAHK-LUN-SOOL
I mean to say do not worry. Wullerton is safe to us. We have a chespok there.

BRE
Again.

BAHK-LUN-SOOL
A hideout. We are rebels!

BRE
(sighing)
Do you have bacta?

BAHK-LUN-SOOL
I do not know this word.

BORNECK GUERILLA ONE (V.O.)
BO-SSKA! Prast ene Sool!

The Mekuun Speeder SHUDDERS to a halt. The passenger hold ramp opens, revealing that they are no longer in a canyon, but on a high mountain. The Bornecks start to rush out.

BRE
What is it?

BAHK-LUN-SOOL
Come and see.

EXT. DRAENELL'S POINT – MOUNTAIN RIDGE – NIGHT

Bre and the Bornecks stand on a mountain ridge, staring up into the night sky of Draenell's Point. A SERIES OF METEORS seem to be breaking into the atmosphere. Bahk-lun-Sool takes out Bre's macrobinoculars and looks through them.

BRE
Hey, those are mine!

BAHK-LUN-SOOL
Be quiet, Empire girl.

BORNECK GUERILLA ONE
(pointing up and yelling)
Cal du bo-sska?!

BAHK-LUN-SOOL
Den.

BRE
What is it?

BAHK-LUN-SOOL
What killed Chule. Look for yourself.

Bre fearfully takes the macrobinoculars.

MACROBINOCULAR POV: the meteors are actually SMALL FREIGHTER DROIDS. There are too many of them to count. TRACK DOWN as one IMPACTS the surface. A rust-colored vapor rises from the smoking crater. PULL BACK to see the vapor spreading everywhere.

ON BRE as she lowers the macrobinoculars.

BRE
Ty-Ruben?

BAHK-LUN-SOOL
If that is what killed Chule, yes.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE – ON CORUSCANT

the central system of the Galactic Empire.

INT. CORUSCANT – IMPERIAL SENATE

Viraxo is at the center of the great Assembly on the repulsor-powered rostrum, his Bailiff at his side.

VIRAXO
The Emperor therefore urges that this resolution be passed unanimously as a gesture of solidarity. The task before us is grim, but we must act swiftly and decisively if we are not to see the tragic destruction of yet another world.

SENATOR TYO ODA of Malastare rises as his congressional box floats to the center of Senate chamber.

SENATOR TYO ODA
I motion that the resolution authorizing the sterilization of Draenell's Point be voted on without further debate, as the Emperor requests.

SENATOR VARL CONN and BAIL ORGANA all move their congressional boxes into areas around the Proconsul.

SENATOR VARL CONN

Forgive me, Proconsul, but why must we approve this resolution with no evidence, no explanation of how the virus escaped the quarantine, in fact, nothing really beyond your good word that Draenell's Point has been infected?

And why have we not heard from Bail Antilles? He could at least confirm your story, if he really is on that planet.

VIRAXO
Senator Antilles, as I have already stated, willfully violated the quarantine of Draenell's Point. Now he must share the fate of its inhabitants.

BAIL ORGANA
Why was no local quarantine attempted, Proconsul? Surely if the virus was carried there by one refugee transport from Chule, it could be contained within a city or region?

SENATOR TYO ODA
Senators, please! These same half-measures were attempted on Chule. The Emperor’s wise proposals met the same equivocation by the Senate. And look at the result-- Chule still had to be destroyed in the end, and now we are faced with another outbreak. How many worlds have to die before you decide to act decisively, as the Emperor wishes?

BAIL ORGANA
How many indeed? These same arguments were put forth in the debate on Chule, and the Senate reluctantly agreed. But here we are, not a week after the destruction of Chule, being asked to approve the obliteration of another planet. Where will it <u>end</u>, Proconsul?

SENATOR ECROM DA gets caught up in the fury, shouting from his congressional box without moving it from its station.

SENATOR ECROM DA
What of the allegations that this plague was released deliberately by agents of the Security Bureau?

Deathly silence falls over the chamber. The nearby Senators glance furtively at Ecrom Da.

VIRAXO
(coldly)
I believe that the honorable Senator Ecrom Da of Bonadan has proposed a vote of no confidence in the Emperor’s administration.

Viraxo marks something briefly on a datapad, and then looks up and surveys the silent Senators.

VIRAXO (CONT'D)
Very well. Who will second the motion, so that the Senate may vote on it?

Senator Ecrom Da has turned pale, trembling at what he has done. Bail Organa, who was still standing, slowly sits back down, looking at the floor of his congressional box.

VIRAXO (CONT'D)
Shall we return to the business at hand? I believe a motion was on the floor to end debate on the Draenell's Point resolution.

Numerous Senators leap to their feet, SHOUTING their support for the motion. Viraxo smiles complacently.

EXT. SPACE – ABOVE DANTOOINE – ON X-WING PATROL

flying in formation just beyond the ISD *Atonement*.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* – BRIDGE

Admiral Mede watches the stars outside. His Technician looks up from the main communications array.

MEDE
Put the General through.

MADINE (V.O.)
More bad news, Admiral.

MEDE
I've already heard Viraxo's rhetoric--

MADINE (V.O.)
I'm not talking about that, Admiral. We are picking up a subspace distress call from Bundim's X-Wing squadron.

Mede loses his composure, gripping a viewport railing.

MEDE
They were supposed to be protecting Captain Destri, General. What happened?

Madine?

TECHNICIAN
I've patched us through to the distress call, sir.

MADINE (V.O.)
I'm here, Mede. This is Red Leader of the Sanctuary Operation.

RED LEADER (V.O.)
--dropped out of hyperspace shortly after the Captain's Corvette. The Star Destroyer was already there waiting for them. I repeat: the *Adjudicator* was at the scene, and it had already begun boarding procedures with the *Olo Blba*.

MEDE
Was she damaged at all, Red Leader?

RED LEADER (V.O.)
We didn't have time for a full scanner assessment, Admiral. Captain Destri ordered us back into hyperspace as soon as we arrived.

MEDE
What the hell did you get them into, Madine?

MADINE (V.O.)
Calm down. Intel had no indication--

MEDE
I will <u>not</u> be calm, General. Your intelligence network is useless! Not only have you handed Captain Destri over to the Empire, but you have also lost all contact with my people in the

Bissillirus system!

RED LEADER (V.O.)
For what it’s worth, Admiral, the Corvette looked fine on visual.

MEDE
The small once-over you gave her before saving your own hide is worth nothing to me, Red Leader. Get off my channel.

RED LEADER (V.O.)
Now wait just a minute, sir, maybe it’s been a long time since you’ve been at the controls of a starfighter--

MEDE
I told you to cut him off!

TECHNICIAN
Yessir.

MADINE (V.O.)
Step back in line, Admiral Mede. Captain Destri knew--

MEDE
Madine, I’ll be <u>damned</u> if I lose another Captain in the name of your careless insurrection.

MADINE (V.O.)
What are you proposing, then? To go into the Minos Cluster yourself? The *Atonement* will take a month to even--

MEDE
Now, get <u>him</u> off my channel.

MADINE (V.O.)
Don’t touch a thing, Check Officer.

MEDE
You are <u>not</u> Fleet Command, Madine. You are Field Operations, and you will not give orders to my crew ever again.

(to Technician)
Set a course for Draenell's Point. To hell with our signature.

MADINE (V.O.)
Admiral Mede, I will not allow you to jeopardize--

MEDE
And to hell with your Rebellion.

EXT. SPACE – ABOVE DANTOOINE

Before an X-Wing patrol can intercept the *Atonement*, the Star Destroyer engages its hyperdrives and vanishes into the stars, leaving Dantooine far behind.

EXT. SPACE – MINOS CLUSTER

Near an asteroid field of the Minos Cluster, the Star Destroyer *Adjudicator* has Captain Destri's Corvette captured. The *Olo Blba* is held captive by the ISD's electromagnetic paralyzing pincer crane.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ADJUDICATOR* – HANGAR BAY

A throng of Rebel prisoners stands surrounded by several Imperial Stormtroopers inside of the *Adjudicator's* hangar bay. Captain Destri, Hulda, Skatuhl, Efdee, Loom Carplin, and asssorted other SpecForce Operatives and Rebel Troopers are among the prisoners.

Some of the stormtroopers, oddly enough, have their helmets off. Hulda, hands on his head, leans over to Destri.

HULDA CAULP
(whispering)
Kind of unnerving if you ask me. Who's the Captain of this destroyer?

LOOM CARPLIN

Taht Kojian. That’s him there.

A turbolift elevator SWISHES open on the far side of the hangar bay. CAPTAIN TAHT KOJIAN strides out, needing a shave, his uniform a mess. Next to him is GYR SKUMA, a diminutive Mrissi, four-feet high and feathered, eyes wide with excitement. Other gaily dressed Mrissi follow.

KOJIAN
(bellowing from across the bay)
Tet DESTRI!

Destri is taken aback. Loom Carplin looks over at her, but she only shrugs. Efdee gives a LOW MOAN, confused. Hulda slowly takes his hands off his head. The stormtroopers don’t respond. Those with their helmets off are smiling.

KOJIAN (CONT’D)
Formerly Commander Destri of the Townowi Defense Force!

The stormtroopers part to let their Captain and Gyr Skuma through. At a gesture from Kojian, his troopers lower their blaster rifles and start to disperse.

HULDA CAULP

What is going on here?

LOOM CARPLIN

You were right, Destri. There weren’t any dissidents.

KOJIAN
(overhearing)
Oh, there were. Skuma and his friends here were quite troublesome. We had to follow them all the way to Minos.

DESTRI
So you could defect.

KOJIAN
I’m sorry about the misunderstanding before. We had some idea we might be

followed, but we didn't think it would be by the Alliance. Where is Admiral Mede?

LOOM CARPLIN
Not a word, Destri. We don't--

KOJIAN
Know if you can trust me? Of course you can. Look outside. I'm refueling your ship. If it weren't for Titus Mede I would never have considered leaving the Empire. Granted, my departure wasn't broadcast as publicly or half so grand.

DESTRI
Captain Kojian, I need your help.

LOOM CARPLIN
Destri.

DESTRI
Not your department, Carplin. Your attempt to disable the *Adjudicator*--

KOJIAN
Disable us? Were you going to hijack us or something, Miss Destri? Surely you could have found someone closer to the Galactic Core.

DESTRI
That wasn't the plan, exactly, Captain Kojian. Maybe we can talk somewhere else?

EXT. DRAENELL'S POINT – BEACH – NIGHT

The bright moon of Unillian reflects on the receding ocean tides of a beach somewhere on Draenell's Point. The wreckage from Senator Antilles' Consulate ship juts out of the ocean far in the starlit background.

PAN ACROSS to an ESCAPE POD, pushed out from the tides to lay lodged in a bank of wet sand. The hatch of the escape pod opens with a CRACK.

Senator Antilles crawls out feebly. He takes a second to get his bearings, and tries to stand up, brushing a gash in his forehead, but wincing when sand gets in it. He slumps against the escape pod, an old man. He tries to catch his breath. Then, weakly, Antilles reaches around into the pod and pulls out the head and torso of TK-299.

TK-299
(eyelights activating)
I wouldn't bother, Senator. You are too weak to carry me.

SENATOR ANTILLES
Hell I am.

The Senator settles the protocol droid's upper half into the bank of sand. He slumps against the escape pod again.

SENATOR ANTILLES (CONT'D)
But your legs are staying here.

TK-299
Of course, sir.

SENATOR ANTILLES

Tee-Kay, are we the only survivors?

TK-299
I'm afraid I do not have the sensors to determine that, Senator.

SENATOR ANTILLES

I don't feel so good, Tee-Kay. It's not the crash, though. What are the first symptoms of *Ty-Ruben*?

TK-299
But the Empire destroyed the infection.

SENATOR ANTILLES
What are the first symptoms of *Ty-Ruben*?

TK-299
The evidence shown at the original Senate hearing indicated that the virus firsts manifests itself as a shortness of breath, sir. After that, the pigmentation of the victim’s skin changes. It will turn red in your case, Senator. Other life forms will vary.

Antilles bows his head, nodding to himself.

SENATOR ANTILLES
I lied, Tee-Kay. I don’t think I’ll be able to carry you.

TK-299
Of course, sir. I understand.

EXT. DRAENELL’S POINT – DESERT PLAINS – NIGHT

Senator Antilles is somewhere on the surface of Draenell’s point, dragging TK-299 through the desert plains by means of a long, taut synthe-rope.

TK-299
This really isn’t necessary, Senator. You should save your strength if you hope to reach the nearest settlement.

Antilles ignores the droid, disappearing over a sandy embankment. TK-299 slides over the embankment shortly thereafter.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. UNILLIAN MOONBASE

FOLLOWING the drift of a Dreadnaught over the Moonbase.

INT. UNILLIAN MOONBASE – SYSTEMS ANALYSIS ROOM

Moff Par Lankin, Vader, and a COMM ENGINEER are present.

MOFF PAR LANKIN
Darth Vader, I will not stand for any more of your heavy-handed--

VADER
(turning to tower over the Moff)
Beware, Moff Par Lankin. You have become too used to being the favored son. Oppose me again and you will find out where the power truly lies in the Empire. I trust you removed your men from Draenell’s Point before the outbreak began?

MOFF PAR LANKIN
Yes. I’m not a fool. I lost too many good soldiers on Chule.

VADER
Good. There is still hope for you.

MOFF PAR LANKIN
(trying to remain calm)
Lord Vader. I urge you to reconsider. The medical team on Draenell’s Point was close to success. If we simply quarantine the planet, I believe my own researchers may find a vaccine before it is too late. You will still have made your point.

VADER

Will I? You, at least, seem to be missing it. We will show no mercy to rebels. Others will learn from this example and the spread of the Rebel Alliance will end.

(
to the Comm Engineer)

The bombardment may proceed when the fleet is assembled.

Lankin considers Vader’s back for a moment, appears to be about to say something, then turns and leaves the room.

EXT. DRAENELL’S POINT – WULLERTON – DAY

PAN ACROSS the Wullerton sprawl, the only space port of Draenell’s Point. The city is quiet, only a few figures staggering through the streets. Imported Banthas haul carts of contagion victims out past the city gates, humans and Bornecks, skins red or orange, MOANING in pain.

Bahk-lun-Sool’s Modified Mekuun Hoverscout glides into the city. Bre is seated in its top turret, goggles and filter-mask on, the exposed skin around her face tinted red.

The *Ty-Ruben* victims move out of the way of the Hoverscout without emotion. Borneck Resistance League members are leading stragglers into prefab medical structures.

INT. BORNECK RESISTANCE LEAGUE SAFEHOUSE – DAY

The safehouse of the Borneck Resistance League is little more than a stripped spaceship hangar. Rows and rows of cots line a section of the safehouse, each one holding someone suffering from infection.

Bre jumps down from the Mekuun Hoverscout and sadly looks around. Borneck Guerillas pull Endigo out of the passenger hold and take him towards a makeshift sick bay, where 21-B Medical Droids await. Bahk-lun-Sool enters and speaks to a Borneck female victim for a second. Then he turns to Bre.

BAHK-LUN-SOOL

Your Empire is gone. All of their soldiers and all of their starships.

BRE

What about <u>your</u> ships?

BAHK-LUN-SOOL

No one dares to leave the planet. Your Empire is all around us. We are to be bombed next, I think.

BRE

Will you give me a ship, Sool?

BAHK-LUN-SOOL

You would die trying to escape.

BRE

Look, I don't <u>care</u>, see? Let me and my friend have one of your ships.

BAHK-LUN-SOOL

And we believe they are all interrupted, anyway.

BRE

What?

BAHK-LUN-SOOL

Interfered? Broken?

BRE

(sighing)

Oh. Sabotaged?

BAHK-LUN-SOOL
Maybe that's what I mean. Go say goodbye to your friend, girl.

The Borneck exits.

Bre walks toward the sick bay, where medical droids are looking over Endigo.

His human parts are red, and his breathing is rapid. Bre takes off her filter-mask and puts it on him. His breathing starts to slow down.

BRE
(leaning close, quiet)
Say--
(swallowing)
--say this was your last job for the Rebellion. Hulda and you would buy some lousy tramp freighter and leave for wherever. Then Hulda'd take one look at the hyperdrive and start to fix it up good.
(beat)
But then, see, I would wait until he left, so he couldn't get all crusty on me looking over my shoulder, and pull a few tricks of my own on that freighter's stupid hyperdrive.
(softly crying)
And, you see, the only way I could do that is if I were with you.

SENATOR ANTILLES (O.S.)
Chori Bre?

Bre turns to see the Senator on a nearby cot. He is slick with sweat, his skin blood red, and very, very tired.

BRE
Yeah. And you are?

SENATOR ANTILLES

I knew your father, Hocce Bre. I helped the Townowi rebels escape to Dantooine. My name is Antilles. Admiral Mede told me about you. Saw your TDF flight vest. Younger than I imagined.

BRE

Alderaan Antilles? What are you doing here?

SENATOR ANTILLES
(smiling weakly)

Trying to find a cure. Trying to--

BRE

Wait!

She pulls out the Aj^6 Engineer's brain-interface computer from her vest pocket.

BRE (CONT'D)

There's some research about the virus in this thing, but I can't crack its code encryption. Do you think--

SENATOR ANTILLES

Tee-Kay.

TK-299's hand grabs the edge of his cot. The droid drags its torso upright from the floor behind the Senator.

BRE

Six million forms of communication.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* – BRIDGE – HYPERSPACE

Outside the bridge viewports of the ISD *Atonement*, the BLUE-WHITE CORRIDOR of hyperspace slowly rotates. Mede, his Technician, and a BRIDGE OFFICER are near the vidscreen kiosk, studying the Bissillirus system: five planets, two moons. Mede TAPS his finger on the representation of the ringed-planet of Nurstin.

MEDE

Nurstin there is surrounded by a ring of Cortheum. It's a mineral resource used for droid photo-receptors, among other things.

TECHNICIAN
Remember what Hulda said about mouthing out the technical. You'll jinx it.

MEDE
Fine, but I am positive that we could hide in the ring. With the Empire's system-wide jamming in progress, the Cortheum and anything near it--

TECHNICIAN
Doing it again.

MEDE
--would show up like white noise. I'm done.

BRIDGE OFFICER
So we could drop in near the Starfleet, but not actually join it.

MEDE
Right. We don't need a false transponder signature to hide.

TECHNICIAN
(pointing to another planet)
Nurstin is very close to Draenell's Point.
(sliding his finger to Unillian)
And this is the location of the Imperial Moonbase. I'll hazard that's where the communications disruption is coming from.

Mede tries to remember a name.

MEDE
Par Lankin. He is stationed there.

TECHNICIAN
Who?

MEDE
The Moff of Trax Sector. He also serves as the regional governor of the Bissillirus system. A reasonable man, as I recall. The destruction of Chule is Vader's doing, not his.

BRIDGE OFFICER
As I recall, Lankin's loyalty to the New Order is unquestioned. That's how he got Trax Sector so young. I very much doubt he'd let us slip through the blockade and grab Endigo and Bre. And he sure as hell won't be able to stop Vader from bombing another planet.

MEDE
He would if Endigo found an antidote.

What are the chances that we can drop out into the Cortheum ring undetected?

TECHNICIAN
Very good. Jamming works both ways, Admiral. I'll contact astrogation, and set us another course.

MEDE
Good. Inform me when we're an hour out.

EXT. SPACE – MINOS CLUSTER - ON THE STAR DESTROYER *ADJUDICATOR*

adrift in the Minos Cluster. The *Olo Blba* is still docked with the destroyer.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ADJUDICATOR* – BRIDGE

The bridge is somewhat disorderly. There are signs of a recent party: streamers, wine baubles, and confetti. Stormtrooper helmets are placed haphazardly on command stations. Former Imperial Naval Officers wander about, barely in uniform, caps in their back pockets and wearing only their undershirts.

Captain Kojian drinks from a wine bauble, leaning against a command console. Seated next to him is Gyr Skuma, feathered legs dangling. Destri, Loom Carplin, Hulda, Two-Tau, Skatuhl, and four SpecForce Operatives are present.

DESTRI
(in mid-explanation)
--next, we'd beam your signature to the *Atonement*, which is waiting to—

The avian-like Gyr Skuma CHIRPS LOUDLY, interrupting her.

GYR SKUMA

Not possible!

(to Kojian)

Not in the deal!

KOJIAN
Relax, Skuma. What Captain Destri doesn't seem to understand is that we're trying to <u>avoid</u> the Empire.

DESTRI
I'm not asking you to bring the *Adjudicator* to the Bissillirus system.

KOJIAN
Giving you my transponder signature is basically the same thing. The Imperial Navy is going to <u>notice</u> something like this. Then they'd either think we had suffered a raid out here in the Minos Cluster or that we were spies in league with the Rebellion all along, which we

are not.

As much as I admire Admiral Mede, I harbor no intentions of following in his--

LOOM CARPLIN
It wasn't a request, Kojian.

Kojian quickly puts his hand to his blaster. Two-Tau raises his twin handcannons, their barrels whirling to end in a LOUD CLANK. Destri already has her gun out as well.

Skuma starts to bolt, CHIRPING, but Skatuhl grabs the Mrissi by the head and pulls him back. Hulda plugs a datapad into the command console.

Kojian's Naval Officers see the situation and move forward, stopping when Carplin's SpecForce Operatives level blaster rifles at them.

HULDA CAULP
(lifting the datapad)
Jammed the bridge comm.

DESTRI
I'm sorry, Captain, but I guess I am hijacking you.

KOJIAN
Let's all just calm down now.

DESTRI
Carplin, get our people to work on the transponder lathe array.

LOOM CARPLIN
Getting the signature will take a few hours, Destri. We should get into hyperspace in the meantime. We're still two days out of range with Mede.

KOJIAN
But--

Two-Tau's handcannons start vibrating. Kojian shuts up.

TWO-TAU
Ee-Choota!

HULDA CAULP
I'll see what I can do about the speed issue. ISDs are slugs past sublight.

He TYPES something into his datapad.

DESTRI
(to Kojian)
We'll let you come back to Minos as soon as we contact Alliance High Command. Until then, your ship is mine.

HULDA CAULP
There. Slaved the *Olo Blba*'s power core to the *Adjudicator*. She'll boost this bucket to an acceptable level, hyperwise.

KOJIAN
I didn't spend months planning my--

DESTRI
Stop talking. Hulda, put bridge communications back on.
(raising her blaster to Kojian's face)
I owe more to Titus Mede than you ever will, Captain Kojian.

Tell your crew to cooperate, without question, or you die.

Loom Carplin raises his eyebrows and exits. Kojian reaches behind him and, shaking, presses a comlink button.

KOJIAN
Kojian here. All pertinent personnel in subsections A through Zed-11 prepare for hyperdrive initiation immediately. All other personnel return to our base in the Cluster. The *Adjudicator* is going to accompany Captain Destri to

the Galactic Fringe.

EXT. SPACE – NEAR CHULE

The Imperial Starfleet breaks formation from around Chule.

CAPTAIN TAGGE (V.O.)
I understand, Moff Par Lankin. The fleet is breaking formation already. We will refuel and rearm at Orbital Outpost B7 and change our heading for Draenell's Point. I will contact you when we are within sight of the planet.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE – NEAR THE RING OF NURSTIN

PAN ACROSS space to the bright rings of ice and metal Cortheum asteroids around the planet Nurstin.

ZOOM to a speck among the asteroids, which grows to become the Star Destroyer *Atonement*.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* – BRIDGE

Mede and his Technician stare out into the glowing ring.

TECHNICIAN
Our gamble paid off. Sensor sweeps indicate that the Imperials have not detected us. Their own jamming fields--

MEDE
What do we do now?

TECHNICIAN
Y-you're asking me, Admiral?

MEDE
No.

How many starships do we have left?

TECHNICIAN
The *Lambda*--class Shuttle. Six Z-95 Headhunters. Three Incom T-65B X-Wings. Fourteen TIE fighters and four TIE Bombers. Make that three bombers. Dewey Selko never made it back.

MEDE
And no way to contact Endigo. Or the Moff's Moonbase.

TECHNICIAN
Why would we do <u>that</u>, sir?

MEDE
Perhaps I could reason with him if Vader wasn't around.

TECHNICIAN
Well, sir, technically contact with Par Lankin <u>is</u> feasible.

Our Imperial database is still intact, Admiral. All we'd have to do is run a clearance code check for the Moonbase's secured channel. That's how

the Starfleet is talking to each other while the jamming fields are in effect. And that's how they could trace us--

MEDE
--if Hulda hadn't wiped the *Atonement*'s signature off the Imperial Network. Good work, Officer. How long have I been an Admiral?

TECHNICIAN
(smiling)
I'll run the check for you now, sir.

EXT. DRAENELL'S POINT – WULLERTON – NIGHT

The city streets are empty. Few building windows are lit.

EXT. WULLERTON SPACEPORT - NIGHT

A fleet of rugged deep space haulers is docked at the Wullerton spaceport. Chori Bre enters, holding a GLOW ROD, since the lights above the spaceport are out. She goes over to one of the starships and scoots beneath it.

UNDER THE CARGO HAULER with Bre as she uses the glow rod to check the underbelly of the ship. Her face is puffy and red around her goggles. Her comlink BEEPS, so she whips it out.

SENATOR ANTILLES (V.O.)
Bre? We have an antidote.

BRE
What? How? That med lab guy hadn't even completed his research yet.

SENATOR ANTILLES (V.O.)
I'll explain later. Right now, accept my thanks on behalf of the Imperial Senate. The virus data you recovered may have saved the whole Sector.

BRE

Not if I don't get us a ship it won't.

SENATOR ANTILLES (V.O.)
Very good. Bahk-lun-Sool and the rest of the Wullerton resistance groups are preparing the city's evacuation.

Bre takes another look at the ship and frowns.

ENDIGO (O.S.)
So is she rigged to blow or what?

Bre slides out from under the Cargo Hauler quickly. She stands and holds up the glow rod: Endigo, infected, red, and sweating, but alive. And smiling.

She runs over to him, but then stops up short. She puts up a hand to her face, suddenly self-conscious of her own infection.

BRE
Don't look at my face.

ENDIGO
Throw the glow rod away, sweetheart.

She does. Darkness descends as they reach for each other.

EXT. HYPERSPACE – ON THE STAR DESTROYER *ADJUDICATOR*

as it speeds through hyperspace.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ADJUDICATOR* – BRIDGE

Captain Destri stares out into the BLUE-WHITE CORRIDOR of hyperspace, biting her lower lip. Two-Tau aims his cannons down into the lower command stations, where Kojian and his Naval Officers are sitting on the floor, looking glum. Hulda enters.

HULDA CAULP
Destri! We're within reach of Mede, but I can't find him. He's not at the Rebel Base.

DESTRI
Don’t fall out of hyperspace then.

(pausing to give Kojian a cold stare)

Get the General online.
(into comlink)
How are we doing, Carplin?

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ADJUDICATOR* – HYPERDRIVE LATHE ARRAY

Loom Carplin and his SpecForce Operatives are working on different sections of the *Adjudicator*’s hyperdrive lathe array, a long row of computer terminals and energy pylons.

LOOM CARPLIN
We’ve almost got the signature copied off the transponder relay. Give us a few more minutes.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ADJUDICATOR* – BRIDGE

Destri walks with Hulda across the destroyer’s bridge over to a communications kiosk. A HYPERSPACE COMMO TRILL SOUNDS.

MADINE
(V.O.)
We were worried, Captain Destri. How did you escape the *Adjudicator*?

DESTRI
We’re still on it. Long story. Where’s Mede?

MADINE (V.O.)
Mede went renegade, Destri. He’s at Bissillirus, trying to find Endigo. Without a false transponder signature to protect him. The Imperials have--

DESTRI
Wait, why did Endigo go to the system?

MADINE (V.O.)
To find a cure to *Ty-Ruben*. We got a lead from some scientists on Draenell's Point. The Imperials have disrupted all communications in the system, though, so I have no idea what is going on.

DESTRI

We'll find out, General. Hulda, set a course for Draenell's Point.

LOOM CARPLIN (V.O.)
Forget about it, Captain, without the transponder screen, Mede is probably already dead.

MADINE (V.O.)
Return to the Rebel Base, Destri. Operation: Sanctuary is over. I don't want you lost in this as--

DESTRI
Not a chance, General, we're going.

LOOM CARPLIN (V.O.)
Think, Destri. We <u>can't</u> go.

KOJIAN (O.S.)
Listen to them!

Destri begins to pace around the bridge.

DESTRI
Hulda, see what you can do to the *Adjudicator*'s hyperdrive motivators.

MADINE (V.O.)
That's enough, Captain! You are hereby ordered to--

DESTRI
Who are you now, Madine, the Emperor? Go away. Carplin, get that signature relay ready. We'll find Mede and--

HULDA CAULP
Tet.

Destri stops.

HULDA CAULP (CONT'D)

I have a better idea.

EXT. SPACE – ABOVE DRAENELL'S POINT

The vanguard wave of the Imperial Starfleet moves into position around Draenell's Point.

The Star Destroyers in the forefront begin the planetary bombardment.

EXT. DRAENELL'S POINT – WULLERTON – NIGHT

A section of the city is hit by a BOMB BLAST and EXPLODES.

INT. BORNECK RESISTANCE LEAGUE SAFEHOUSE – DAY

Bre and Endigo run into the Borneck Resistance League Safehouse as another BOMB BLAST EXPLOSION rocks the city outside. They dodge a QH-7 Chariot Command Speeder full of Wullerton citizens escaping the city. Bornecks help Senator Antilles aboard the Mekuun Hoverscout. Bre and Endigo rush over to them. Bahk-lun-Sool enters, carrying TK-299.

BAHK-LUN-SOOL
Why didn't you tell us you had the antidote, Empire girl?

TK-299
(pleased with himself)
She didn't quite have it yet, Mr. Sool. She had encrypted data that I was able

to decipher and feed to your medical droids, who then--

BRE
None of the ships look safe. We're going to have to run for it.

Another EXPLOSION outside.

BAHK-LUN-SOOL
What is the point? Nowhere to go.

BRE
Look, we got friends, okay?

BAHK-LUN-SOOL
They won't save us, I think.

ENDIGO
(slowly)
Yes they will.

BAHK-LUN-SOOL
Get out of my head. You are fools.

BRE
(imitating the Borneck)
We are rebels!

Bahk-lun-Sool slowly begins to smile. He boards the Hoverscout with TK-299. Endigo and Bre load up, too.

INT. UNILLIAN MOONBASE – SYSTEMS ANALYSIS ROOM

Vader and Moff Par Lankin watch the destruction of Draenell's Point on the monitor screens.

Par Lankin's CHIEF OF STAFF enters and salutes the Moff.

CHIEF OF STAFF
Sir, you are being hailed on your personal transmitter.

Moff Par Lankin raises an eyebrow and turns to Vader. The Dark Lord doesn't seem to have noticed. Par Lankin exits.

Vader turns around and stares after him.

INT. UNILLIAN MOONBASE – COMMAND TOWER

Moff Par Lankin enters his Command Tower, accompanied by his Chief of Staff. A SIGNALS OFFICER is already in the room monitoring a vidscreen.

MOFF PAR LANKIN
Mede? Admiral Titus Mede, the traitor? How could he be contacting me here?

SIGNALS OFFICER
He must be in-system, sir. Using our secured channel to cut through the jamming field.

CHIEF OF STAFF
Impossible! Hiding in the middle of half the fleet?

MOFF PAR LANKIN
That sounds like Mede.
(to Signals Officer)
You will locate his ship.

Signals Officer nods and turns back to his instruments. Par Lankin flips a switch on the vidscreen. Mede appears.

MEDE
Par Lankin. Thank you for trusting me.

MOFF PAR LANKIN
Trusting you? The celebrated defector? Not likely. What do you want? I admire your courage in coming here, but it was not wise. We will find you.

MEDE
I would expect no less, but please listen. I can help you save Draenell's Point if you will drop the jamming field. I cannot believe you were responsible for this atrocity. You are reputed to be a man of honor.

MOFF PAR LANKIN
I did not gain my reputation by making deals with traitors. How can you save Draenell's Point?

MEDE
One of our operatives is on the planet, and he may have the antidote to *Ty-Ruben*.

MOFF PAR LANKIN
But since you cannot communicate through the jamming field, you have no way of knowing that for certain.

MEDE
Lankin, this is worth the chance! Would you condemn a world to avoid damaging your career? I am risking my life and the lives of my crew for this chance!

MOFF PAR LANKIN
One moment.

Lankin mutes the vidscreen and turns to the Signals Officer and Chief of Staff, who are bent over an instrument panel.

CHIEF OF STAFF
He must be concealed in the Nurstin rings.

SIGNALS OFFICER
The jamming field makes it opaque to our sensors. There's nowhere else you could hide a Star Destroyer.

MOFF PAR LANKIN
You are absolutely sure? Very good. Get me Captain Tagge on the line immediately.

Par Lankin turns the vidscreen back on.

MOFF PAR LANKIN
Admiral Mede. I appreciate what you are trying to do here. But it is impossible. The ISB destroyed the medlab on Draenell's Point before your agent arrived. Your mission here was pointless. I'm sorry.

He shuts off the vidscreen before Mede can reply, and gestures to his Chief of Staff to follow. They both exit.

INT. UNILLIAN MOONBASE – SYSTEMS ANALYSIS ROOM

Darth Vader and other Officers, including ISB agents, are watching the progress of the bombardment on a bank of vidscreens. Moff Par Lankin and his Chief of Staff enter.

MOFF PAR LANKIN
Lord Vader, it seems that the Rebels have infiltrated the system right under the nose of the ISB. Fortunately my men are more vigilant.

He nods to the Chief of Staff, who flips a control on a communication panel.

MOFF PAR LANKIN (CONT'D)
Captain Tagge? Admiral Mede and the *Atonement* are concealed in the Nurstin rings. Take the *Relentless* and three Dreadnaughts and destroy him.

EXT. SPACE – DRAENELL'S POINT, DURING BOMBARDMENT

The bombardment is still underway even though the entire fleet is not yet in position. A steady stream of ships can be seen in the distance approaching the planet even as the nearer ships fire repeatedly onto the surface. The Star Destroyer *Relentless* is in the foreground with three Dreadnaught escorts.

CAPTAIN TAGGE (V.O.)
Immediately, Moff Par Lankin.

The Star Destroyer *Relentless* and three Dreadnaughts turn away from the planet and begin to move in formation towards the distant ringed orb of Nurstin.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *RELENTLESS* – BRIDGE

CAPTAIN TAGGE, arrogant and balding, stands before the viewports, scrutinizing Nurstin in the distance. An ALARM TRILLS and a BRIDGE OFFICER looks up in surprise.

BRIDGE OFFICER
Sir, we have the *Atonement* on sensors.

CAPTAIN TAGGE
Already? Excellent. Set an intercept course.

BRIDGE OFFICER
No need for that. She's headed right for us!

CAPTAIN TAGGE
What?! Evasive maneuvers!

RED LIGHTS FLASH and KLAXON ALARMS BLARE as the *Relentless* begins to turn.

The *Atonement* falls out of hyperspace heading straight for the *Relentless*, which opens fire as it turns away.

EXT. SPACE – DRAENELL'S POINT, DURING BOMBARDMENT

The *Atonement* suffers heavy damage but doesn't slow down. Two of the Dreadnaughts can't get out of the way fast enough. The *Atonement* COLLIDES with them. All three starships BEGIN TO EXPLODE.

And the *Olo Blba* shoots out of the EXPLOSION!

The Corvette, trailing fire, dodges through the bombardment blasts and enters the atmosphere of the planet below.

INT. *OLO BLBA* – COCKPIT – NIGHT

Hulda and Destri are at the cockpit controls of the *Olo Blba* as it speeds closely over the surface of Draenell's Point, raising up yellow dust. Kojian and Loom Carplin are seated behind them. Kojian has his hands over his face, shaking his head.

HULDA CAULP
Tell you the truth, didn't really think that'd work.

KOJIAN
Y-you-- I can't b-believe you just did that to m-my ship.

LOOM CARPLIN
How long until we can contact Endigo?

DESTRI

We're under the disruption blanket now.

HULDA CAULP
(into his wrist radio)
Shen!

ENDIGO (V.O.)
Hulda..?! Where are--

A close BOMB BLAST cuts Endigo off. A section of the terrain outside ERUPTS INTO A COLUMN OF FIRE. Destri veers around it.

On a vidscreen: a wireframe of the surrounding landscape. Hulda points to a LONG LINE OF BLINKING RED BLIPS.

HULDA CAULP
On scope, Destri. Looks like he's got a lot of company.

INT. THE REAL STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* – BRIDGE

Mede, his Technician, and the Bridge Officer stare at a tactical grid. Other officers are present.

MEDE
(gripping the edge of a console)
They're alive. How did they..?

TECHNICIAN
According to our sensors, sir, that was the *Atonement* out there. So... instead of stealing the *Adjudicator*'s transponder code—

MEDE
--they replaced its signature with ours. Brilliant.

TECHNICIAN

Hulda.

BRIDGE OFFICER
Admiral? They still need to get out.

MEDE

Right. Get us out of here. Take advantage of the Starfleet's confusion. Move, people!

Everyone scrambles to their stations. KLAXON ALARMS SOUND as Mede puts his destroyer on full alert.

EXT. DRAENELL'S POINT – DESERT PLAINS – NIGHT

A large convoy of Wullerton hovercrafts flee across the desert plains of Draenell's Point as BOMB BLASTS make the night sky WHITE OUT over and over again.

All around them are smoking craters, which the hovercrafts avoid, moving like a school of fish. Far behind them, the city of Wullerton is a BURNING INFERNO. The land begins to SHUDDER and CRACK.

The Mekuun Hoverscout is at the head of the convoy. Endigo and Bre are in the rear top turret together. Endigo has his hand up to his transceiver ear.

ENDIGO

We are moving away from the city! Can you read us?!

DESTRI (V.O.)
Keep them moving, Shen! The Empire is firing on the urban centers first! We're almost on top of you now!

A huge cloud of yellow sand rises in front of the convoy. The hovercrafts spread out, a horde of refugees debarking as Destri's Corellian Corvette settles to the ground. The loading ramp of the *Olo Blba* opens, and Rebel Troopers rush out to guide the refugees inside. Destri and Loom Carplin run down the ramp as the panicking mob starts to load. Bahk-lun-Sool runs by, still carrying TK-299. Senator Antilles staggers their way. Bre and Endigo jump off the Hoverscout and grab the Senator's arms, helping him along.

SENATOR ANTILLES

Officer Bre found the cure to *Ty-Ruben*, Captain Destri!

Bre starts to correct him, but a BOMB BLAST strikes nearby, SHAKING THE PLANET'S SURFACE. A few refugees stumble and fall. Their countrymen help them back up. People start SCREAMING. Loom Carplin looks over to Destri.

LOOM CARPLIN

We can't hold them all! We have the antidote! Let's go!

Destri stumbles as another BOMB BLAST FRACTURES THE LANDSCAPE. Loom Carplin catches her and holds her steady. Destri shakes her head and points to the rest of the refugees around her.

DESTRI

No other world dies on our watch.

EXT. SPACE – DRAENELL'S POINT, DURING BOMBARDMENT

The Imperial Starfleet continues to bombard Draenell's Point. A space has opened in the blockade: debris from the explosion of the *Adjudicator* and the two Dreadnaughts.

PAN TO ONE STAR DESTROYER among many: the *Atonement*.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* – BRIDGE

Mede and his Technician watch the Imperial Starfleet around them from the bridge of their destroyer.

TECHNICIAN

Like you said, we don't need a false transponder signature just to hide.

MEDE

Only for a few minutes, then they--

TECHNICIAN
There, Admiral!

EXT. SPACE – DRAENELL'S POINT, DURING BOMBARDMENT

The *Olo Blba* shoots out of the atmosphere of Draenell's Point into the path of the Imperial Starfleet. Two Assault Shuttles and a Blastboat move to intercept her. The *Atonement* opens fire, eliminating them both.

MEDE (V.O.)
Atonement to Captain Destri. Here to take you home.

INT. *OLO BLBA* – COCKPIT

Destri pulls hard on the cockpit controls.

The *Olo Blba* banks away from incoming turbolaser fire. Hulda spots the *Atonement* and CHEERS.

DESTRI
Senator Antilles, come up here!

EXT. SPACE – DRAENELL'S POINT, DURING BOMBARDMENT

The Star Destroyer *Relentless* opens fire on the *Atonement*. A pair of *Carrack*-class Cruisers open fire as well. The *Atonement* is wracked by MULTIPLE EXPLOSIONS.

SENATOR ANTILLES (V.O.)
Mede, we have an antidote to the virus.

The *Atonement* returns fire on one of the Cruisers, VAPORIZING its bridge. It slowly arcs away, ERUPTING.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* – BRIDGE

Mede watches the *Olo Blba* getting closer. He casually points to the Star Destroyer *Relentless*.

MEDE

Ion cannons. All of them. Now.
(into a console)
Say that again, Senator. On an open channel.
We'll make sure it gets to Par Lankin.

INT. UNILLIAN MOONBASE – SYSTEMS ANALYSIS ROOM

Par Lankin and Vader hear the Senator come over the comm.

SENATOR ANTILLES (V.O.)
I repeat: This vessel carries the cure to the *Ty-Ruben* virus. Do not fire on us, by decree of the Imperial Senate.

VADER
(into a console)
The Senate has made no such decree. Destroy those starships, Captain.

ON PAR LANKIN, as he carefully backs up and flips a switch on the system communications array.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* – BRIDGE

Imperial Starships fill the bridge viewports of the *Atonement*. The ISD *Relentless* is ionized, LIGHTNING PLAYING ACROSS ITS HULL. EXPLOSIONS outside. KLAXON ALARMS SOUND again. A Bridge Officer approaches Mede and his Technician.

BRIDGE OFFICER
All shields are gone, Admiral.

MEDE
What about the jamming fields?

TECHNICIAN
Somehow they're gone, too.

MEDE
Good. Get me the Senate. And hold the Imperials off. I'm going to the hangar.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* – HANGAR BAY

The *Olo Blba* has docked with the *Atonement*. Mede enters the bay. Endigo, Bre, Antilles, Loom Carplin, Destri, Hulda, Skatuhl, Efdee, Kojian, Skuma, Two-Tau, all the Red Team Rebels, the Wullerton refugees, and Bahk-lun-Sool, still carrying TK-299, are present.

TECHNICIAN (V.O.)
I'll have the Senate floor in five.

Mede grabs a blaster from Skatuhl and then takes Senator Antilles by the arm. An EXPLOSION outside rocks the ship.

MEDE
Efdee, live-feed this on holo.
(to Antilles)
It's not what they <u>know</u>, Senator. It's only what they can see and what they can prove. And what they want to hear.

Antilles nods. Efdee floats over, taking a position above them, sensor array folding out. Mede pushes Antilles in front of him, raising the blaster to the Senator's head.

MEDE
Where is the antidote?

ANTILLES
In my droid, TK-299.

MEDE
Bre, plug the Senator's droid into this transmission. Tee-Kay, log into the Imperial Senate's cameras and get me something <u>big</u> to show this on.

Another EXPLOSION. RED LIGHTS BEGIN TO FLASH in the bay.

TECHNICIAN
Go.

MEDE
(amplified)

This is Admiral Titus Mede of the Rebel Alliance. We are holding Senator Antilles of Alderaan as our hostage. My vessel is currently--

INT. CORUSCANT – THE IMPERIAL SENATE

The assembled delegates watch huge translucent screens hovering before them in a circle, projected by WARBLING, floating remote cameras into the center of the chamber.

Proconsul Viraxo sits on the hovering rostrum in the middle of the screens, seeing the images in reverse: Mede with a blaster to the head of a Senator.

MEDE (CONT'D)
--in the Bissillirus System, under heavy attack by the Imperial Starfleet. If they destroy this vessel, they will also be responsible for the death of Senator Antilles.

LOUD OUTRAGE overtakes the Senate.

Then all the screens of Mede and Antilles turn WHITE, dispersing into scrolling text readouts, graphs, diagrams, and chemical listings.

MEDE (CONT'D)
Furthermore, the Imperial Starfleet will also destroy what you see before you now: the only known antidote for the *Ty-Ruben* virus, which is spreading throughout this Sector. I order that the attacks on my vessel cease immediately, and that I and my fellow revolutionaries be granted safe and unhindered passage into a system of our own choosing.

I am sure everyone present at this worthy assembly has witnessed the infection and subsequent destruction of the planet Chule. It is obvious that you cannot destroy me, and it is at

your and the galaxy's own peril not to agree to my demands.

INT. UNILLIAN MOONBASE – SYSTEMS ANALYSIS ROOM

Par Lankin and Darth Vader watch the proceedings.

VADER
(into a console)
Captain Tagge, tear him apart.

MOFF PAR LANKIN
(into another console)
Do not comply with that order, Captain. Cease fire and have the Imperial Starfleet disperse at once.

Vader turns to Par Lankin. The Moff points out Viraxo on the monitor. The Proconsul is defeated.

INT. STAR DESTROYER *ATONEMENT* – HANGAR BAY

The explosions have stopped outside.

MEDE
(amplified)
I will release my hostage once the full measures of my conditions have been met. The Senator will have the antidote with him, and he shall be delivered into your custody unharmed, upon my honor, name, and station, pledged hereby and forever to the memory of the Old Republic.

THE ROARING CLAMOUR OF SENATORS comes over the *Atonement*'s loudspeakers.

INT. CORUSCANT - IMPERIAL SENATE

Viraxo stands before the Imperial Senate and addresses Mede on the screen before him. He is holding his anger in check.

VIRAXO
(beat)
It is not the policy of the Imperial Senate to surrender to the demands of terrorists and traitors. However, considering all the lives at stake in this matter, and the welfare of the ambassador of the esteemed Royal House of Alderaan, the Emperor can only in good conscience submit fully and unconditionally to the terms you have placed before this body. You are free to leave the Bissillirus system, without delay or further endangerment, and, upon your sworn oath, to uphold your end of all agreements presented before us forthwith thereafter.

The Proconsul STRIKES his gavel.

IRIS OUT.

TITLE CARD
To be continued....

THE END